

THE DUAL-DOSAGE SYSTEM.

The case of Thomas Cutter, of Red Dog, Calaveras county, was a puzzle to the doctors. He had such a variety of peculiar symptoms that medical opinion inclined to the belief that he suffered from a complication of diseases. To one doctor the liver seemed to be the chief organ at fault; to another, the great trouble appeared to be in the kidneys; while a third would say that intestinal indigestion was the main difficulty. And yet Mr. Cutter had been advised that his stomach was chronically disordered, and still another diagnosis found grave derangement of the heart's action.

What added to the troubles of the patient was his inconstancy with regard to treatment. He had such a distrust of medical science that he would not long adhere to the advice of any physician. He consulted doctor after doctor and each expressed dissatisfaction with the previous treatment and diagnosis. There seemed to be so many things wrong with his internal organs that there was room for a great diversity of opinion, and yet none of the doctors need be wholly astray.

If Mr. Cutter did not get well it was not because he had failed to take medicine. He had a morbid delight in drugs. After completing the rounds of the doctors' offices in his town he would sometimes take a course of patent medicines of his own account. He spent hours in reading the advertisements of the various nostrums, and occasionally he would find a recital of symptoms that appeared to coincide with his own. Then he would rush to the nearest drug store, buy a bottle of the much-wanted remedy, and faithfully take the dose prescribed. By the time he had exhausted the bottle his fickle thirst for medication had found some fresh object of attraction, or he had repaired to some practicing physician, regular or irregular.

The wonder was, in view of the quantities of medicine he took, that he continued well enough to attend to his official duties as treasurer of Calaveras county. Moreover, he drank more whisky than he could well carry with entire equilibrium. Another failing was a fondness for faro, which gossips said had often cost him more than he could afford to lose. His drinking and gambling were the only things that served to divert his attention from his real or imaginary ailments. Were it not for cards and liquor, as he expressed it, his stomach would have been constantly upon his mind. But some of his cronies declared that there was nothing in reality the matter with him; that his maladies were imaginary, the truth being that he had become a hypochondriac, and had deceived all the doctors by describing symptoms which had no existence in fact.

In his restless search for novelty, Mr. Cutter originated what he called a dual system of treatment. In its application to his own case this consisted in dosing himself for one ailment while following a medical prescription for another. He had a theory that the doctors failed to give him relief because they did not make their prescriptions sufficiently comprehensive, having an eye to only one disorder, while he was the victim of a number of diseases at the same time. It was shortly after the adoption of this new doctrine that Mr. Cutter called one day upon Dr. Silcox for a consultation.

The doctor listened with the utmost professional gravity to the recital of a long train of distressing symptoms.

"I think your troubles," he said, at last, "may all be attributed to the liver. It needs stirring up."

Mr. Cutter was secretly convinced that the fault was chiefly in the lungs, but he dutifully took the prescription which the doctor handed him, paid the fee and went to the Red Dog druggist to have the medicine compounded. When the prescription had been filled he decided that he would take some glycerin for the benefit of his lungs, and so he purchased a bottle of that substance from the sympathetic apothecary, who never failed to recommend whatever Mr. Cutter was disposed to try.

Mr. Cutter was a widower, and the only other occupant of his isolated dwelling, on the outskirts of the town of Red Dog, was an aged housekeeper. Her chief virtue, in his eyes, was that she never meddled with the medicine closet, whose shelves were filled with a wonderful accumulation of bottles, every form and size being represented. Despite the enormous consumption by the owner, the stock of medicines remaining, in quantity as well as in variety, would have sufficed for a ship's crew on a voyage around the world or for the supply of a county hospital.

His latest acquisitions were now added to this curious collection. And each time that he took a dose of the medicine prescribed by Dr. Silcox he followed it up with a spoonful of glycerin. He began to feel some rather curious effects from this combination treatment after a few days. But, as the sensations he experienced were rather agreeable than other wise, he concluded that the dual system was working well and he persevered in it. In the course of another week he was conscious of a peculiar sort of exhilaration, and when he walked out of doors he seemed to be treading on air. This aroused his curiosity, and he made a second call on Dr. Silcox.

"I am feeling much better, doctor," said the patient. "Do you mind telling me what was in that prescription you gave me?"

"That," said the doctor, much pleased to find his prescription so efficacious, "called for nothing more than nitric acid in solution. It is a very powerful remedy, and you must be careful not to exceed the dose prescribed."

"I didn't know whether it was your medicine or the glycerin that was doing me so much good," remarked Mr. Cutter, abstractedly, as if speaking to himself.

"Glycerin?" queried the doctor, whose quick ear had caught the word. "What glycerin?"

"I've been taking some along with the medicine," Mr. Cutter explained, in confusion, knowing how medical men dislike any departure from the treatment they order.

There was a momentary twinkle in the doctor's eye. It might have passed for amusement, but there was every appearance of consternation in his manner as he jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"What? Glycerin and nitric acid! Great heavens, man, do you know what you have done? Thank God, I cannot be held responsible for the consequences, no matter what may happen!"

"Why," cried his patient, in alarmed surprise, "what's the matter?"

"Matter? Why, man, you have saturated your system with nitroglycerin. That's what's the matter. Don't jump like that! The least shock may make you go off in a twinkling. You must avoid a jar as you would poison. Couldn't you see that the acid and the glycerin would chemically unite and make you explosive? How much glycerin have you taken?"

"About two ounces, I think," was the dismayed answer.

"Is it possible? You are positively dangerous to be at large. You must practice the utmost caution. Don't ride on the cars; the least concussion might be fatal. You must get rubber soles put on your shoes immediately. Be careful not to jump, even off a doorstep. Of course, you must not shoot, or expose yourself in any way to shocks or explosions of any kind. Even the snapping of a cap might make you vanish in a second, and there would be nothing but a loud report to tell the tale of your disappearance."

"But, doctor," implored the trembling patient, "can you prescribe anything for me? Cannot you get this dreadful explosive out of my system?"

"Possibly I might render it less dangerous, at least," responded the doctor, thoughtfully. "It's a case without precedent, but I'll do what I can for you. The first step will be to change the nitroglycerin into dynamite. That, you know, is far less apt to explode by concussion. In fact, it is nothing more than nitroglycerin held in a solid form by an absorbent substance. I shall prescribe for you a little infusorial earth, to be taken three times a day. That will gradually draw out the nitroglycerin from your circulation, change it into dynamite, and in the course of a few weeks you may be safe."

This assurance alleviated the fears of Mr. Cutter to some extent, but he repaired to the Red Dog druggist in an anxious frame of mind. The rumbling of a passing dray filled him with apprehension, and he made a long detour to avoid passing a new building where the carpenters were still busy with their hammers. His alarm was excited when the druggist began to pound up something in a mortar, and so his critical condition was explained to the pharmacist. Mr. Cutter went home by a devious route in order that he might not be exposed to any jar from the anvils of a blacksmith shop which he was accustomed to pass every day.

On the evening of the same day Dr. Silcox attended a meeting of the Red Dog Medical society. It was a private gathering, as usual, and sounds of unvoiced hilarity were heard before the assemblage dispersed.

No one knew how the strange condition of Mr. Cutter became known, but the next day it was the talk of Red Dog. He noticed that everybody avoided him as though he were a pestilence, and even the clerks in his office shuddered whenever they had occasion to be near him. He cautioned them against sudden closing of the doors of the huge safe that contained the public moneys, and with his own hands he pinned upon the outer door of the office a placard reading: "Do not slam."

As the days went by Mr. Cutter became more and more despondent. It was evident, Dr. Silcox assured him, that the nitroglycerin was as yet imperfectly converted into dynamite. He began taking long and solitary walks over the hills near the town of Red Dog, partly to distract his mind and partly to escape the dangers incident to human companionship to a man who was loaded with nitroglycerin.

One afternoon he was walking over the hill in which the Ground Hog Quartz Mining company was boring a tunnel. There can be no doubt about the fact that Mr. Cutter was seen walking over the brow of the hill just before a blast was fired in the depths below. It was only a "shot," and did nothing to disturb the surface of the hill, although, of course, much rock was loosened in the tunnel. But the sound of the blast in the tunnel was followed by a peculiar muffled detonation from the hill. It was noticed particularly at the time, because the miners feared that some of the blast had been "slow in going off."

But the next day it was found that Mr. Cutter was missing. The clerks in his office waited vainly for him to appear and open the vault, of which he alone knew the combination. Days passed, and he did not come. He never came.

It is still whispered in the town of Red Dog that at the next meeting of the Calaveras County Medical society Dr. Silcox read an elaborate technical treatise on the use of dynamite, and that Thomas Cutter that men yet speak of it with bated breath. It was only a theory, for there was nothing palpable to support it upon. There was no tangible evidence. There were no remains. Yet Dr. Silcox's theory was believed.

Whether it was true or false, Thomas Cutter was never again seen in the flesh, living or dead. He had vanished into the void.—San Francisco Argonaut.

—The largest gulf is the Gulf of Mexico, which has an area of about 800,000 square miles, double that of the Bay of Bengal, and nearly one-third the area of the United States.

LAVENDERED LINEN.

A Delightful Odor for the Bureau and Clothes Closet.

There is no perfume more refreshing than old-fashioned lavender, such as was used in olden times for the sachets of the bed linen closet. Linen is here used to mean all sheets and pillow cases, whether of linen or cotton. It was never customary to lavender table linen, though towels were sometimes perfumed with the refreshing faint fragrance of lavender. There was an old idea prevalent that the perfume of lavender induced slumber, and there was probably some foundation in the idea, as odors are now known to affect the health and induce either sleep or wakefulness. The lavender flower used for the old sachet is a plant once grown extensively in this country, but now somewhat rare, though common in England. Like the foxglove, primrose and English plants, it does not survive our winters successfully. It often does fairly well, however, in our northern latitude, because though it can stand cold, it can not stand alternate freezing and thawing, so common in our winter season as far south as New York. Dried lavender may always be purchased in the New York markets in the fall at about five cents for the half pint of dried flowers. This is a plant that throws out its full perfume in flower, and must be collected for drying at this season, like summer savory, and not like most other dried herbs, just before it blossoms. The true English lavender bears a pale, drooping blossom like a miniature bell. It is not to be confounded with lavender balm, a common garden herb of no special value. Make little bags of white linen for lavender sachets and embroider them, if you have any skill with the needle, in pale green and purple, with sprays of the plant. Fill these bags with dried lavender and tie up the ends with a length of No. 1 ribbon in pale purple. Lay several such sachets among the sheets and pillow cases of the linen closet and among other bedding, but keep the table linen by itself. Nothing is so disagreeable as any attempt to perfume table linen. No odor mixes well with the odors of food, except that of fresh flowers of delicate fragrance, and even these are objectionable to some. To make a regular pot-pourri powder of lavender fragrance take one pound of dried lavender flowers, a pound of dried rose leaves, half a pound of crushedorris root, two ounces of crushed cinnamon and a pound of table salt. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly and put them in a pot-pourri jar. Cork it tightly and let it stand for two weeks. Then uncork it and put on the loose pot-pourri cover. To perfume the room open the jar for ten or twelve minutes every day, after sweeping, airing and dusting.—N. Y. Tribune.

THIRSTY MEN IN WASHINGTON.

Unique Manner in Which They May Get a Drink.

"I saw a thirsty citizen get a drink the other morning from a source that utterly surprised me," said a hotel clerk in an uptown house, who does duty in the small hours. "It was about half-past four o'clock in the morning, very close and humid, and I was sitting out in front of the door trying to get a breath of fresh air. The pink streaks of the rosy-fingered Aurora had not yet begun to show on the eastern sky. A substantial citizen, portly and well dressed, came up to me and in pleading tones asked if there was any show on earth for a cocktail. I told him there was none at that hour for the purchase money of a king's ransom. He groaned deeply and ambled off down the street."

"I watched him depart, and ere he had gone half the length of the block saw him hail a messenger boy on a bicycle. Some words passed and then I saw the boy draw from his rear pocket a small bottle and hand it over to the old man. The latter took a prolonged swig, and gave the youngster back the vial and a piece of silver along therewith. Then he turned about and came back to where I was."

"That beats all I ever heard of," he said, laughing. "I asked the lad if he knew where I could get a drink, and he told me that he might let me have one, provided I didn't want too big a drink. He pulled forth a half-pint bottle about one third full, and there wasn't much left when I got through. However, I gave him a quarter and he went off well pleased. He told me that he had so frequently been asked where to get a drink by belated people that he concluded he could make a little money by carrying a small amount of sour mash along with him. I admired his enterprise and cautioned him to beware lest the police should find out his game."—Washington Post.

Would Satisfy His Ambition.

"Well, Johnny, you have made up your mind to join the navy, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right; but let me tell you that you'll never attain to any great distinction in that line until you develop more energy. You must cultivate ambition and push if you expect to get ahead."

"Oh, I ain't particular about gettin' ahead," said the lad. "I'll be satisfied with just a rear admiral's position."—Richmond Dispatch.

What It Felt Like.

"Yes," said the sarcastic man to his barber, "I was partially scalped once. Was rescued from the redskins just as I dropped unconscious from fright."

—Louis XVIII of France was ironically styled by his subjects The Deaf. He was forced upon them by the allied armies.

TOO MANY CHANGES.

This Is the Objection a Woman Had to Travelling on the Cars.

A few days ago an old village dame, who had never made a railway journey before, suddenly resolved to visit her well-to-do son at Bournemouth. So she started on her journey, wearing her old clothes, and carrying a bundle of smarter toggery to put on before she got there, so as to look "clean and decent."

Arriving at Newbury, she was greatly flustered with the orders:

"All change here."

"Change where?" she asked.

"Why, here," said the porter, pointing to the platform.

"Bless my heart! and who'd 'a' thought it!" murmured the old woman, as she got on the platform.

"Change here?" she repeated, as she unpacked her bundle; and with solemn decorum changed her bonnet, shawl, dress, boots, etc., to the immense amusement of all the spectators.

Then the train came in, and the porter having put her in a comfortable seat, she felt supremely grand and happy until she came to Southampton, when she again heard the command: "All change here!"

Everybody got out of the train except herself.

"Where yer for?" asked the ticket collector.

"Bournemouth," said the old lady.

"Then you must change here—"

"But I changed all of my things at Newbury!"

"Suppose you did—you've got to change here, too!"

"But I'd sooner not, thanks. You see, my son is well off in the pork line, and I want to go respectable like, and—"

"If you don't jump out you'll be shunted back on the siding, that's all. You've got to change here if you want to go to Bournemouth, and you've only five minutes to do it in, too, for your train is signalled."

The old dame jumped out, and went through the same performance as at Newbury, only this time it was to change her best clothes for her old ones. Then she pushed into a carriage and off again.

"Well," she said to her fellow-passengers, "my Jim always said as the worst of the journey was the changes, and I guess he's about right."

Arrived at Bournemouth, her son was on the platform to meet her, and he asked her how she liked the journey.

"Ah, Jim, my boy," she said, "it's all very decent 'cept the changing! I've had to do it twice, and here I am in my old clothes, just as I started, after all."—London Tit-Bits.

CATSKINS IN COMMERCE.

Fifty Thousand Pelts of American House-Hold Pets Exported Yearly.

There are fifty thousand skins of house cats exported from the United States every year, despite the fact that the laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals allow neither dogs nor cats to be killed except by legalized officers. These skins come from all parts of the country, a wholesaler seldom receiving a consignment of furs from a country correspondent that it does not include a number of catskins. When the correspondent receives fifteen cents a piece for them on the average he may consider that he is doing remarkably well. There is very little demand for catskins in this country, except for cattail rugs and other oddities, sometimes for trimmings and very rarely as a chest covering in the winter for an old man who belongs to the customs of a past generation.

So the New York wholesaler sorts his catskins into lots of a half-dozen different grades and sends them to London to be sold at the quarterly auction of one of the great fur houses. The skins of black cats bring the most, and as many as ten thousand of them have been disposed of in a lot at a sale in London for sixty cents apiece. Yellow catskins are next in value. Maltese and body mixed colors bring the least, often going for five cents apiece; or, rather, they bring the least of the full-grown cats, for there is a demand at three and four cents apiece for the skins of little kittens.

The child or the good old maid who may wonder why her dear lost puss never returns will be surprised to find that puss's skin is now helping to line the coat of some officer in Emperor William's army. A vagabond who sought to earn a few cents in a heartless, dishonest manner made puss one of a bagful of cats which he sold to the local fur dealer who does business down by the river (where cats may be drowned) on account of the odoriferous nature of his calling.

There is great demand for catskins for the linings of military coats. They are somewhat cheaper than seal. All German officers are not millionaires. The magistrate of every little German village as well likes to strut about in a catskin overcoat. England, Sweden, Norway and other northern countries also buy catskins from us. It wouldn't pay for the local fur dealers to go in search of pussy pelts and nothing else. But as a side issue it earns him a few cents, and that is the way the housecat fur business is conducted all over the world.—N. Y. Press.

The Bicycle Girl.

He looked at her earnestly. "You have changed since last we met," he said.

"Yes," she answered. "Those red ones were causing so many runaways that I thought I would adopt a pair of a more somber hue."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Likeness.

Cittiman (postponously)—I work with my head, sir, instead of my hands. Jay Green—Huh! that ain't nuthin'! So does a woodpecker.—Tuck.

—The method of teaching which approaches most nearly to the method of investigation is incomparably the best, since, not content with serving up a few barren and lifeless truths, it leads to the stock on which they grow.—Burke.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The oldest United States college is Harvard, founded in 1638.

—It is said that of the 50,000 Indians belonging to the Sioux tribe 4,000 belong to the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Congregational churches.

—Tenago Sehyoun, of Benda, Egypt, is at the Cincinnati law school to study American and English jurisprudence. He is a graduate of Alexandria law school, and is the first Egyptian to pursue his law studies in the United States.

—In the early days of Christianity many styles of dating were in vogue, and eras were established with the annunciation, the birth, the transfiguration, the ascension and other events in the history of Christ as starting points.

—At a recent religious meeting in Boston Mr. Elijah A. Morse said that although he was a Congregationalist he "would advocate the Episcopal custom of introducing a petition for the president and public officials in all our prayers."

—Classical scholars all over the world are at work on a "Thesaurus Lingue Latine," under the direction of the German Philological association. The work will cost \$150,000. The first parts will be issued in 1900, edited by Professors Bucheler, Leo and Wolfm.

—It is a common fallacy to state that the pilgrims introduced into the Holy Father's presence kneel down and kiss his toe. The real facts of the case are that the pilgrims kiss a cross embroidered on the toe of one of the shoes which his holiness wears on this occasion.

—The Bambino di Ara Coeli, of Rome, is the oldest doll in the world, and, if tradition is true, almost as old as the Christian religion; for it is claimed to have been carved out of a tree from the Mount of Olives in the time of the Apostles, and to have been painted by St. Luke.

—According to an article in the October number of the Century on "The Marriage Rate of College Women," based on carefully-gathered statistics from all of the women's colleges of the country, the ultimate probability of a college woman's marriage is below fifty-five per cent. against ninety per cent. for other women—not quite two-thirds as great.

—A congregation in Kansas seems to have found a new way of raising funds for their church work. They have agreed to sow one hundred and sixty acres of land with wheat, and, after deducting a certain sum for rent, devote the rest to paying church expenses. The members furnish teams, plows, laborers and seed, and expect to be able to provide preaching for every Sabbath from the proceeds.

—The Holy Alliance of 1811 was formed by the pope, Julius II, with Spain, Venice and Switzerland against Louis XII, who had managed to steal for himself all the benefits of the League of Cambria, and had appropriated the territory of Venice. The specific purpose of this league was to drive the French out of Venice and take from their control all their possessions in the Italian peninsula. Its objects were not carried out on account of the death of Julius, which occurred a short time after the formation of the alliance.

BAD FORTUNE.

An Englishman Cast Upon a Lonely Island and He Died in Squat.

"Some years ago, up at North Haven Island, on the Maine coast," said a New Yorker recently, "I came across a mystery that haunts me still. A bare rocky point juts out into the sea on one side of the island, and the first year that I visited the place there was a rude cabin on the rock. Having gone out there from curiosity one day, I found a man in shameful rags trying out oil from the refuse from a fish-canning factory. When I came to examine the man his appearance astonished me."

"He was an extremely handsome, well-made Englishman of forty or thereabouts. His hands, soiled with the material he worked in, were small and well shaped. When I tried to draw him into conversation he at first answered me in monosyllables, and was almost sulky in his reserve. He gradually thawed, however, and I found that he spoke rare and beautiful English—that of a well-read and well-bred man. Glancing into the door of his cabin, I could see perhaps a score of well-thumbed volumes in library binding. His reserve was such that I could not ask him about himself, but I left the island deeply interested in him."

"I turned up at North Haven the next year, and one of the earliest things I did was to go out to the point in search of my acquaintance. The rock was bare again and there was no trace of him and his cottage. I asked about him of some persons I met on the island, and here is what I learned. He had come to the place mysteriously some years before, having been dropped by a schooner."

"He found work at the fish cannery, but later quit the place, built his cabin on the rock, supplied himself with food chiefly by fishing and obtained from the factory the privilege of trying oil from the refuse. From the product he obtained a little ready money for tobacco and other luxuries. At some time between my two visits his cabin was discovered to be on fire late one night, and, hurrying down, his neighbors saw him amid the flames dead, with his throat cut. The fire had so seized upon the hut that his body could not be removed until it was nearly consumed. He was buried and no solution of the mystery was discovered. Life had evidently become insupportable to him and he had taken the way of suicide as the easiest one out of misery."—N. Y. Sun.

The Goddess of the Wheel.

It is folly to call the bicycle new. Even mythology recognized it, and, curiously enough, made its divinity a female. The significance of her name has been strangely overlooked for centuries. It was Psyche.—Judge.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The manuscripts of the fifth and twelfth centuries are written with very good black ink which has not shown the least signs of fading or obliteration.

—Li Chang-fang, the adopted son of Viceroy Li Hung Chang, since his return from the peace conference in Japan last April, has been occupying his leisure hours in superintending the building of a handsome house in foreign style inside the capacious gardens of his father at Wuhu.

—Gustav Freitag ordered in his will that all letters written to him should be restored to the writers or their heirs, and that nothing of his own should be published that he had not expressly intended should be printed. "What is not finished or is a failure," he wrote, "does not belong to the market, and I do not wish to annoy readers by my youthful efforts."

—The German Emperor William has sent a portrait of himself to the eminent painter Andreas Achenbach, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday at Dusseldorf. Herr Achenbach has received a large number of congratulatory letters and telegrams from various academies of art and from his admirers.

—The sultan of Turkey spends five thousand dollars daily for his table. He has no dining-room and the servants serve his meals wherever they can find him. The dishes are covered and sealed with the imperial seal, which is put on in the kitchen by the grand vizier, the idea being that the sultan may be certain that his food has not been poisoned or tampered with.

—Mr. Elvind Alstrup, who accompanied Lieut. Peary in his first great journey over the ice-gap of Greenland to Independence bay, is writing a book on the experiences of himself and gallant leader. As a matter of honor, Mr. Alstrup will not have the work translated and published in English until after Mr. Peary has issued his book.

—But three members of the supreme court were not appointed by either Mr. Harrison or Mr. Cleveland. These are Justice Field, appointed by President Lincoln in 1863; Justice Harlan, of Kentucky, appointed by president Hayes in 1877, and Justice Gray, of Massachusetts, appointed by President Arthur in 1881 to the vacancy which the late Roscoe Conkling emphatically declined to fill.

—The Codex Upsal differs from every other known manuscript in the fact that it was written with silver ink on violet parchment, the initials being of gold. The secret of the manufacture of this silver ink is not definitely known, though it is suspected that some solution of the metal was employed in the writing and then subsequently treated with chemicals to give the metallic luster and effect.

—Mrs. Newcomb McGee, of Washington, daughter of Prof. Newcomb, the famous astronomer, has the distinction of being the second woman elected a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. She is also a member of the Anthropological society. She was graduated in medicine from the Columbia university in Washington, and is now at work in the Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore. Mrs. McGee has visited with her father all the great observatories of Europe, and now accompanies her husband on her geological expeditions.

HUMOROUS.

—"Howdy do, Barker? Living in town?" "Yes. I've come here to diet." "Diet? Great heavens, man! At the Swellford?" "Exactly. The rich foods I'd naturally eat are so expensive I can't buy 'em, so it's plain food or starvation."—Harper's Bazar.

—"So it was," "I thought this promissory note was gilt-edged paper," remarked the bank cashier, "but I have discovered that it was forged." "Then it really is gilt-edged," replied the president of the institution.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—"So your husband is running for office?" said one woman. "Yes." "Keeps him pretty busy, I suppose." "Very busy." "Kissed all the babies in the county, hasn't he?" "No; not all. He hasn't had time to even say howdy do to his own babies in the last three weeks."—Washington Star.

—"A country paper declares that 'Mr. Johnson, a farmer of our village, on returning to his home the other day, found in his ground-floor bedroom, the door of which had been left open, a cow, probably astray.' The conjecture expressed in the last two words may be set down as, on the whole, a fair one.—Presbyterian Messenger.

—"Feminine amenities overheard in Battersea park. Two ladies seated on a bench are discussing the bicycle riders. First Lady—"Just look at Mrs. M. in trousers and tunic! Her husband hasn't been buried three months, and she used to be so 'down' on rational dress." Second Lady—"Yes, but she is very economical, you know, and she's wearing out the late lamented's wardrobe."—London Telegraph.

—"Cruelty—"Oh, dear," sobbed Mrs. Hunnimine, "I knew it would come to this, but I didn't expect it so soon." "Has your husband been mistreating you?" asked her visitor solemnly. "Yes," she sobbed. "He says I want my own way all the time." "And won't he let you have it?" "That's the worst of it. He says that he doesn't care if I have my own way all the time, but that I won't make up my mind to what it is."—Washington Star.

—"A cockney solicitor, who was characteristically mixed up in the use of his 'his,' while visiting New York met the late Mr. Marbury, one of the wits of the New York bar. The Englishman, commenting on the legal profession of New York, said its members were very proficient and learned, but that they were absolutely ignorant on the subject of 'hential.' "Ah," answered Marbury, "my dear sir, we may be ignorant of the 'hential,' but our knowledge of the 'cocktail' is unsurpassed."—San Francisco Argonaut.